CARMEN SÆCULARE

TO THE

KING.

Aſpice venturo lætentur ut Omnia Sæc'lo:
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus &, quantum ſat erit tua dicere facta!
Virg. Eclog. 4.

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Carmen Sæculare.

JANE *Bifrons, priſcos à tergo reſpice lapſi*
Annales ævi, feliceſq; ordine longo
Evolvas Annos, quos cætera tempora ſupra
Conſpicuos Albo, ſæc'lis Monumenta futuris
Urbes fundatæ, & parti poſuêre Triumphi:
Aggredere inſignes ſpoliis, lauroq; decoros
Enumerare Duces, quos nobilis ira gementem
Impulit ulciſci populum; qui ſacra cruore
Jura Patrum ſanxêre ſuo; ſceptriſve potiti
Miſerunt lætum placidis ſub legibus Orbem.

Agmine

Carmen Sæculare.

THY elder Look, great *Janus*, caſt
Into the long Records of Ages paſt;
Call out the Years in faireſt Action dreſt,
With noted White Superior to the reſt;
Æras deriv'd, and Chronicles begun
From Empires founded, and from Battels won:
Show all the Spoils by Valiant Kings atchiev'd,
And Groaning Nations by their Arms reliev'd,
The Wounds of Patriots in their Country's Cauſe,
And happy Pow'r ſuſtain'd by wholeſom Laws.

Agmine perpetuo ſeries ornata Laborum
Procedat, ſuus omnis Honos, ſua debita quemq;
Laus inſcripta notet: tum Noſtra ad Tempora caſus
Inſignes ducas, Famamq; & Fata Parentum
Mirac'lis oppone Novis, Regiq; Britanno.
Jane Pater, *binas æquato examine lances*
Suſtineas; varios Populos, varioſq; Labores
Et Studia, & Leges, pugnataq; in ordine Bella
Hæc habeat: Solum ingentem ferat Illa WILHELMUM:
Sic facilè agnoſces, quo vergat pondere Virtus;
Quem titulis unum Collectis *Gloria ſignet:*
Hæc orbi refer attonito; nil Sæcula Tale
Prima tulère Hominum, nil Majus poſtera reddent.

Vertice ſublimi ſurgat, tua maxima cura,
Bello & Pace potens Latium; *Fortiſſima corda,*
Egregios rerum Dominos dabat Itala *tellus,*
Felix prole virûm: fœcundam hanc aſpice gentem,

Ro-

In comely Order march each Merit forth,
Mark ev'ry Act with its intrinſick Worth:
Then haſt the Mighty Parallels to bring,
To Modern Wonders and to *Britain*'s KING.
With Equal Juſtice and Hiſtoric care
Their Laws, their Toils, their Arms with His compare;
Confeſs the various Attributes of Fame
Collected and Compleat in *WILLIAM*'s Name;
And round to all the liſt'ning World relate,
As thou doſt his Story read,
That nothing went before ſo Great,
And nothing Greater can ſucceed.

Latium was thy Darling Care,
Prudent in Peace, and Terrible in War:
The Boldeſt Virtues that have Govern'd Earth
From *Latium*'s fruitful Womb derive their Birth.

Romanoſq; *tuos ; huc vertere, & altius omnem,*
Naſcentis primâ repetens ab Origine Regni,
Expedias famam ; pulchra in certamina Pubem
Hortare Auſoniam, *& cedat ſua Palma merenti.*

Si potuit ferro Latii *turbare Colonos*
Palentes Mavorte *ſatus, ſi ruſtica latè*
Regna domare armis ; raptæ ſine more Sabinæ
Surgenti Famæ, cæptiſq; ingentibus obſtant.
Sacra Deûm, ſanctaſq; Aras & Templa tueri
Cura Numam *ſubiit ; ſed frigida dextera bello,*
Non haſtam torquere ſciens, enſemq; rotare
Fulmineum, juvenumq; manus armare frementûm.
Conſiliis, eſto, Fabii *Romana vigebant*
Arma : at res omnes gelidè tardéq; miniſtrans,
Dilator nimiûm Sapiens ingrata trahebat
Bella : quiâ immani Patrem pietate cruentum
Ultorem Brutum *referam? quid fulmina Belli*

Fa-

Turn thither the fair-written Page,
From dawning Childhood to eſtabliſh'd Age
The Glories of the Empire trace,
Confront the Heroes of thy *Roman* Race,
And let fair Proof my bold Aſſertion grace.

If *Mars*'s Son reduc'd the trembling Swains,
And ſpread his Empire o'er the diſtant Plains,
The *Sabins* violated Charms
Obſcur'd the Glory of his riſing Arms.
Strict Religion *Numa* knew,
On ev'ry Altar laid the Incenſe due,
Unskill'd to dart the pointed Spear,
Or lead the forward Youth to Noble War.
Sealing his Juſtice with his Childrens Blood
Stern *Brutus* was with too much Horror good.

Fabius

Fabricium, Paulum Curium? *tôt Magna Animorum*
Nos Exempla monent, quâ poſſit lege Libido
Frænari, & quanto cedat Virtutibus Aurum:
Hos quoq; ſed nimium gaudens popularibus auris,
Hos rapit Ambitio, tumidoq; Superbia faſtu
Oſtentans humileſq; caſas, parvoſq; Penates.
Sit quanquam Illuſtris, primos Inglorius annos
Scipiades egit; nec mens invicta Catonis
Magni ſemper erat; tum demum viſa timere
Cum ceſſit Fato, & lucem indignata refugit.
Julius *Externos fruſtrà domat, omnia* Romæ
Subjiciens, Romamq; *ſibi, Surgitq; triumphans*
Afflictos Cives ſuper, oppreſſumq; Senatum.
Imperium lene Auguſtus, *Patriamq; ſubactam*
Mollia vinc'la pati juſſit; ſed vincula paſſa eſt,
pureum cultu inſolito venerata Tyrannum.

Fas

Fabius was Wiſe, but with exceſs of Care;
He ſav'd his Country, but prolong'd the War.
Fabricius, *Paulus*, *Curius*, greatly Fought,
And by their ſtrict Examples taught
How dang'rous Luſt muſt be controll'd,
And how much brighter Virtue was than Gold;
But ſcarce their ſwelling Thirſt of Fame cou'd hide
And boaſted Poverty with too much Pride.
Exceſs in Youth made *Scipio* leſs Rever'd,
And *Cato* dying ſeem'd to own he Fear'd.
Julius with Honour tam'd *Rome*'s Foreign Foes;
Too many Patriots fell e're the Dictator roſe.
And tho' with Clemency *Auguſtus* Reign'd,
The Monarch was Ador'd, the City chain'd.

Let

Fas Muſæ veterum laudes memorare Virorum;
Fas etiam errores, atq; omnia ferre ſub auras.
Stare loco impatiens magnâ ſeſe impete verſat
Vivida vis animi, Patrii ceu Tybridis unda;
Cui nunc lenè fluens rigat agros dulcis aquæ fons;
Vortice nunc rapido volvit ſe turbidus Amnis,
Et limo caſtas obſcæno polluit Undas:
Diis quanquam geniti, atq; invicti viribus eſſent,
Mortalem infecto faſſi ſunt Sanguine Matrem.

Decolor ex illo vitiis dominantibus ætas
Degenerare auſa eſt; rumpit vinc'la omnia Miles
Acer, acerba fremens; Majeſtatemq; verendam
Effrænis violat rabies: jam Segnior annis,
Deficit illa olim rerum pulcherrima Roma;
Heu! Vix agnoſces veteris Veſtigia Formæ:
Donec gens Divûm, nati venientibus annis,

He-

Let their Deſerts with mighty Praiſe be dreſt,
But be their Failings too confeſt,
Their Virtue rowling like their *Tyber*'s Flood;
It's rapid Force deſign'd their Country's Good:
But oft the Torrents too impetuous Speed
From the low Earth tore ſome polluting Weed;
And with the Blood of *Jove* there always ran
Some ſmall allaying Tincture of the Man.

Few Virtues after theſe ſo far prevail,
But that their Vices more than turn the Scale:
Valour grown wild by Pride, and Pow'r by Rage,
Did the true Charms of Majeſty impair;
Rome by degrees advancing more in Age,
Show'd ſad Remains of what had once been fair;

Till

Heroüm novus ordo datur, nova Lumina Surgunt,
Heſperioq; Dies melior procedit Olympo.

Aſpice ut inſignis Spoliis Pharamondus *opimis*
Ingreditur; fulviſq; Aquilis ſua Lilia jungens
Carolus; *inde alii, quos Gallica terra Triumphis*
Dives alit, genus acre virûm, ſpectataq; bello
Pectora. Sed major nunc rerum apparet Imago;
Sanguineæ en Lauri, victriciaq; arma Wilhelmi
Normanni: *Viden' externis quanta intonet oris*
Teudorum *manus armipotens, & Nomina magna,*
Plantagenum *metuenda Domus? quid plurima Virtus*
Amborum potuit, vos Regna inimica Britannis,
Vos teſtor (ſenſiſtis enim) teq; Anglia Mater,
Quam labor Heroüm imperio Maria omnia circum
Aſſeruit, fundansq; Armis & Legibus ornans:
Felix, ſi nunquam regnandi dira cupido
Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis
Impulerat, Patriæq; in viſcera vertere vires:

Illa

Till Heav'n a better Race of Men ſupplies,
And Glory ſhoots new Beams from Weſtern Skies.

Turn then to *Pharamond* and *Charlemain*,
And the long Heroes of the *Gallic* Strain;
Experienc'd Chiefs, for hardy Proweſs known,
And in fierce Battels Bloody Laurels won.
From the Firſt *WILLIAM*, our Great *Norman* [King,
The Bold *Plantagenets* and *Tudors* bring;
Illuſtrious Heroes, who by turns have roſe
In Foreign Fields to check *Britania*'s Foes,
With happy Laws her Empire to ſuſtain,
And with full Power aſſert her ambient Main;
But ſometimes too Induſtrious to be Great,
Nor patient to expect the Turns of Fate,
They open'd Camps deform'd by Civil Fight,
And made Proud Conqueſt trample over Right;

Afflicted

Illa ſedet miſeranda, videtq; indigna ſuorum
Funera; lugebat pariter pariterq; timebat
Victorem & Victum; mediis incerta triumphis
Cui det colla Jugo, quem ſit paſſura Tyrannum.

Quo Deſideri *ſoboles, quo* Cæſar Adolphus
Naſſoviiq; *alii rapiunt, celeberrima Proles?*
Omnes Illuſtres, omnes in utrumq; parati,
Aut Patriam tutari, aut certæ occumbere morti.
Hos juxta Auriacus *pleno fluit agmine ſanguis,*
Immortale genus: Primuſq; en Martius auctor
Corniger, *&* * *Juvenis præſtanti a Corpore nomen* * Beau
Deducens (noſco crines frontemq; venuſtam
Regis Francigenæ) *Magno tunc omine ad auras*
Naſſovio Auriacus *commixtus Sanguine ſurgit*
Chalon. *Jamq; novas Sedes,* Rhenumq; *bicornem*
Ille petit, linquens Rhodanum, *ripamq; Sonantem.*

Deind

e

Afflicted *Britain* mourn'd their doubtful Sway,
And dreaded Both, when neither wou'd obey.

From *Didier* and Imperial *Adolph* trace
The Fruitful Offspring of Great *NASSAW*'s Race,
Devoted Lives to Publick Liberty,
The Chief ſtill dying, or the Country free.
Next ſee the Kindred Blood of *ORANGE* flow,
From Warlike *Cornet*, thro' the Loins of *Beau*;
Thro' *Chalon* next, and there with *NASSAW* join,
From *Rhoſnes* fair Banks tranſplanted to the *Rhine*.

Deinde Stuartorum *Series longiſſima Regum*
Emicat; Illa diu magnâ ditione tenebat
Effrænem Populum, & duris Regna horrida glebis;
Donec Fata Deûm, & luſtris labentibus Ætas
Scotorum *manibus tranſcribi Sceptra jubebant*
Anglica; *feceruntq; omnes uno ore* Britannos.

Atq; hic, Magne Deus, cum res ſcrutabere noſtras,
Sis bonus O; paſsùmq; oculos per cuncta ferenti
Si quid forte tibi occurrat de Gente Stuartum
Infelix; (utcunq; ferent ea fata Minores)
Pro Patriâ, obteſtor, pro Majeſtate Britanni
Imperii, nihil Ingratum, nihil Acre dolores
Obductos vulgare Sinas: Preme, Jane, *tenebris,*
Quæ laudare nequis; teq; ad Meliora reſerves. * Maria.
Utq; erit ad *NOMEN *ventum, quod flebile ſemper*
Semper honoratum (Sic Dii voluiſtis) habemus,
Surgentes Animi motus, Sævoſq; tumultus

Then call the Royal Liſt of *STUARTS* forth,
Undaunted Minds that Rul'd the rugged North,
Till Heav'n'sDecrees by rip'ning Times are ſhown,
Till *Scotland*'s Kings aſcend the *Engliſh* Throne,
And the fair Rivals live for ever One.

Janus, Mighty Deity,
Be kind, and as thy ſearching Eye
Does our Modern Story trace,
Finding ſome of *STUART*'s Race
Unhappy, paſs their Annals by,
No harſh Reflexion let Remembrance raiſe,
Forbear to mention what thou canſt not praiſe;
But as thou dwell'ſt upon that Heav'nly * Name,
To Grief for ever Sacred as to Fame,

* *Maria.*

O compeſce; Tuo ne docta Britannia *Luctu*
Ire iterum in lachrymas, iterum gemebunda querelam
Integret infandam; ſtilletq; cruore Recenti
Æternùm crudele patens ſub Pectore vulnus.

Quò jam Raptus abis? NASSOVI Jane *labores*
Aggredere ô magnos, atq; amplum claude Volumen.
En! Infans Victor, nutu dum temperat iras
Turbati populi: jacet en Tirynthius alter,
Ardenteſq; hoſtes, & ſibila colla tumentes
Sternit, & in Cunis dominatur parvulus Heros.

En! quantis tollit ſe rebus firmior Ætas?
Quales Primitiæ Juvenis, belliq; ferocis
Dura Rudimenta, & primis nova Gloria in Armis?
Sublimis Marte adverſo, Mitiſq; ſecundo,
Eventus omnes, & ineluctabile Fatum
Subjecit pedibus: Non Mens elata Triumphis,

Non

Oh! read it to thy ſelf, in ſilence weep,
And thy convulſive Sorrows inward keep,
Leſt *Britain*'s Grief ſhou'd waken at the Sound,
And Blood guſh Freſh from Her Eternal Wound.

Whither wou'dſt thou further look?
Read *WILLIAM*'s Acts, and cloſe the ample Book:
Peruſe the Wonders of his blooming Life,
His Infant Patience calming Factious Strife,
Quelling the Snakes that round his Cradle ran,
For *WILLIAM* thus, *Alcides* thus began.

Deſcribe his Youth attentive to Alarms,
By Dangers form'd, and perfected in Arms,
When Conqu'ring mild, when Vanquiſh'd not diſ-
[grac'd,
By Wrongs not leſſen'd, nor by Triumphs rais'd,

Non depreſſa Malis ; ſed in omnia Pectus Honeſtum
Fertur idem, Fatis contraria Fata rependens.
Dum Curas hominum, dum ſpes contemnit inanes,
Fortunæq; Vices cæcas ; quocunq; cadat res,
Hoc animo fixum ſedet, æternúmq; ſedebit,
" Parcere ſubjectis & debellare Superbos.

En ! totum Heroem, *Maturum, & Sceptra tenentem*
Contemplare Virum ; *juſtâ dum fulminat irâ*
Terrarum egregius Vindex ; placiduſq; Volentes
Per Populos dat jura, infeſtoſq: obligat Hoſtes.
En ! quam lapſorum miſeret ! qualiſq; jacentûm
Dat vitam lachrymis ! quo Pectora fida ſuorum
Amplecti ſtudio properat ? quam totus in Illis !
Quam curas Pater indulgens deſcendit in omnes !
Nec Regem pudet Officio certare Priorem.
Hâc arte, ô Bellis ingens, ingentior almâ
Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis

Aſſueta

Superior to the blind Events
Of little Human Accidents,
And conſtant to his firſt Decree,
To curb the Proud, to ſet the Injur'd free,
To bow the haughty Neck and raiſe the ſuppliant Knee.

His opening Years to riper Manhood bring,
And ſee the Hero perfect in the King,
Imperious Arms by Manly Reaſon ſway'd,
And happy Pow'r by free Conſent obey'd:
With how much haſte his Mercy meets his Foes,
And how unbounded his Forgiveneſs flows;
With what Deſire he makes his Subjects bleſt,
His Favours granted e'er his Throne addreſt;
What Trophies o'er our captiv'd Hearts he rears
By Moderation greater than by Wars;

Aſſueta imperiis; longos hâc arte Triumphos
Maxime Victor agis, cum Teq; animoſq; tuorum,
Pacatumq; regas æquis Virtutibus Orbem.

Per varias Vitæq; Vices, Operumq; Colores
Idem dulcis Honos, eadem ſua Gratia vivax,
Nudaq; ſimplicitas, totâ deſcripta Tabellâ
Effulget, Conſtanſq; ſibi ſervatur ad imum.
Victoris caſtra ingreſſus, Certamina nulla
Cum Victis, belli nulla horrida ſigna cruenti
Apparent infixa agris: Non Militis ardor
Turbavit Pectus; nec Purpura picta ſuperbos
Induxit Regum faſtus; ſed fama periclo
Innocuo, fulvum veluti fornacibus aurum,
Emicat inſultans: fruſtrà Volcania peſtis
Circùm immanè fremit, Contemptoriq; minatur
Flamma ſuo: cæco contra dominata furori
Ardens ſpectatur Virtus, Ponduſq; Nitoremq;
Illæſum ſervans, & Amico vivitur Igne.

Unum

How o'er Himſelf, as o'er the World he Reigns,
His Life enforcing what his Law ordains.

Thro' all his Thread of Life already ſpun,
Becoming Grace and proper Action run;
By equal Virtues all the Piece is wrought,
Mixt with no Crime, and ſhaded with no Fault,
No Footſteps of the Victor's Rage
Left in the Camp where *WILLIAM* did engage;
No Tincture of the Monarch's Pride
Upon the Royal Purple ſpy'd:
His Fame, like Gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more ſhall its intrinſic Worth proclaim,
Shall paſs the Combat of the ſearching Flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquiſh'd Heat,
For ever coming out the ſame,
And loſing nor its Luſtre, nor its Weight.

Janus,

Unum, Jane, *oro (quando nos noſtraq; morti*
Debemur) liceat ſaltem mira'cla WILHELMI
Vivere, perpetuóq; virûm volitare per ora.
Exoriare aliquis, Regis qui geſta Britanni,
Fataq; fortunaſq; docens, Moreſq;, Manuſq;
(Argumentum ingens) vivis committere chartis
Auſis, & Serum producere Nomen in ævum:
Cum Statuæ, multo cum victum tempore Marmor,
Æraq; labentur; cum, bello Sævior omni,
Invidioſa dies immania Saxa Namurcæ,
Horrendaſq; domos rapiet, ſurgentiaq; aſtris
Mœnia, relliquias BRITONUM, *ingentiſq;*
WILHELMI.

Nempe Namurcæ *ingens, & inexpugnabile limen,*
Robuſt æque feres, æquataq; Machina Cælo
Naſſovio *cedunt: vaſtis Rex Turribus inſtans*

Cum

Janus, be to *WILLIAM* juſt,
To future Hiſtory his Actions truſt,
Bid her with peculiar Care
Trace ev'ry Toil, and mention ev'ry War;
His ſaving Wonders bid her write
In ſhining Characters diſtinctly bright,
Fair to be read, when all that we can give
To make our Maſter's Glory live,
Does of its ſelf inſenſibly decay,
When Time the Marble and the Braſs devours;
And envious Winters in ſure Ruin lay
The Pride of *Namur*'s Towers.

Namur's Towers which War had arm'd
Againſt what human Force cou'd do,
By *WILLIAM*'s Valour were alarm'd,
Were ſubdu'd by *WILLIAM*'s Blow:

WIL-

Cum Populo, & Signis victricibus, & Magnis diis,
Fundamenta quatit: Mortaliaq; agmina fruſtrà
Contra Naſſovium, *atq;* Jovem, *contraq;* Minervam
Tela tenent: medio diſcrimine cædis & ignis,
Ceu Perſeus per aperta volans, Ipſe arduus Arces
Scandit fatales, Faſtigia dira, Minaſq;
Murorum ingentes: Mars & cum Martè Wilhelmus
(Horribiles ambo) belli, dum detonet, omnem
Suſtentant Nubem: Non Vindicis *arma* Britanni
Aerii Montes, Scopuli, atq; objecta retardant
Flumina; Sed ſuperat Montes, ſed flumina tranat
Sanguineum populatus iter: flammam inter & hoſtes
Ire ardet; dant tela locum, flammæq; recedunt:
En! tandèm Summis inſultans Arcibus Heros;
Et noti juxtà, fulgentia Signia, Leones.

Et jam finis erat, cum Victor vertice ab alto
Deſpexit Gallum attonitnm, & tum libera vinc'lo

Lit-

WILLIAM mounted *Namur*'s Towers,
Second him *Jove*, and *Pallas*, Mighty Powers;
He flew like *Perſeus* thro' the Air,
The utmoſt dreadful height to gain,
WILLIAM and the God of War
Can only Toils like theſe ſuſtain;
Rocks, Rivers, Mountains, Armies, Fire,
To ſtop his Glorious Courſe conſpire:
Why will they conſpire in vain?
What can *WILLIAM*'s Force reſtrain?
Behold him from the dreadful height appear,
And lo, *Britannia*'s Lions waving there!

Europe freed, and *France* diſmay'd,
WILLIAM from the height ſurvey'd;

He

Littoraq;, & latos populos; Pacemq; ſilenti
Dictabat felicem Orbi: longè audiit æther,
Et terra, & fluvii; jamq; ibat mollior undis
Moſa, *feruſq; ſuas* Rhenus *compeſcuit iras.*
Continuò leges, æternaq; fœdera certis
Impoſuit Manus æqua locis; quam ſingula Metam,
Et quem quæq; ferat regio, quem quæq recuſet
Indicit Dominum; Mirantemq; admonet Orbem,
Quantus Amor populi, quanta & Reverentia mitem
Proſequitur Regem: Comes indiviſus amico
Adſtat Honos lateri: ſedenim dubitare videtur,
Juſtitiamnè prius ſtupeat, Belline labores;
Juſtitiæ ceſſit laudem: & jam Gloria molles
Lambit læta Comas, & circum Tempora Lumen
Sidereum fundit; ſupra Omnes explicat alas
Libertas firmata novas; Pulchræq; Sorores
Et Fama, & Virtus dulci certamine pugnant,
Utrum Ornare magis Regemne, Virumne *deceret.*

Quid

He order'd War and Rage to ceaſe,
He bid the *Maeſe* and *Rhine* in ſafety flow,
And dictated a laſting Peace,
To the rejoicing World below.
To reſcu'd States, and vindicated Crowns,
His Equal Hand preſcrib'd their ancient Bounds,
Ordain'd whom ev'ry Province ſhou'd Obey,
How far each Monarch ſhou'd extend his Sway;
Taught 'em how Grace made Majeſty rever'd,
And how the Prince belov'd was truly fear'd:
Firm by his ſide Unſpotted Honour ſtood,
Confeſſing him leſs Great than Good:
His Head with brighter Beams fair Glory deck't,
Than thoſe which all his num'rous Crowns reflect;
Eſtabliſh'd Freedom clapt her joyful Wings,
Virtue proclaim'd the Firſt of Men, and Fame the
(Beſt of Kings.

Whi-

Quid Loquor? aut ubi ſum? quis me per opaca viarum

Ire furor ſuadet? quos Muſa aſſurgit in Auſus?
Dum Vatis Furias Thebani concipit (Ignes
O ſi conciperet ſimiles! te Jane *relinquit,*
Teq; Araſq; tuas, ut Cœlum & ſidera tentet;
Demens, quæ nimbos & non imitabile fulmen
Pindaricum ſimulare auſa eſt. *Da* Jane *furenti*
Da veniam Muſæ, ſua quam rapit ampla volantem
Materia, & tollit volvens ſub naribus ignem
Pegaſus ardua in aſtra, neque audit *anhelus* habenas.
Cum latos campos, immenſumque aſpicit æquor,
Expatiatur Equus; vix hæret Muſa frementi,
Nec ſcit, quà ſit iter; nec ſi ſciat, Imperet illi.
Saxa per, & ſcopulos, & depreſſas convalles
Inſequitur Regem; telluſque ſub ungue tonanti
Icta gemit; reboant Sylvæque; & magnus Olympus.

Nunc

Whither is wild Fancy brought?
Whither would the Muſe aſpire
With *Pindar*'s Rage without his Fire?
Pardon me, *Janus*, 'twas a Fault
Created by too great a Thought:
Mindleſs of the God and Day
I from thy Altars, *Janus*, ſtray,
From thee, and from my ſelf born far away.
The fiery *Pegaſus* diſdains
To mind the Rider's Voice, or hear the Reins;
When glorious Fields and opening Camps he views,
He runs with an unbounded Looſe;
Hardly the Muſe can ſit the headſtrong Horſe,
Nor wou'd ſhe if ſhe cou'd check his impetuous (Force;
With the glad Noiſe the Cliffs and Valleys ring,
While ſhe thro' Earth and Air purſues her Godlike (KING.

Nunc caſus Muſa antiquos, annoſque reducit
Præteritos, Patriiſq; Virum meditatur in arvis;
Curâ ubi triſtatus noſtrâ, Tacituſque, Sagaxque
Conſilium vultu tegit, & ſecum ante peractum
Belli & Regnorum volvit ſub Pectore fatum.
Et mox armatas Hyberno ſydere claſſes
Molitur; contraque iras Cælique, Mariſque,
Immotus, charis timeat niſi fortè Britannis,
Horrendum urget iter; tandemque his redditur oris,
Ereptus ventique minis, Pelagique peric'lis;
Sed Terrâ graviora manent: jam ſanguine multo
Tutandas Anglorum *Arces, oblataque Regna*
Occupat; amiſſo *fluitantem errare* Magiſtro
Senſit, & ipſe Ratem *turbatis rexit in undis.*
Jamque alias hinc in Lacrymas, alia horrida Bella,
Per deſolatæ Regna infelicia Jernes
Muſa Virum ſequitur, Fluctuſq; irrumpit in altos

Bovindæ

She now beholds him on the *Belgic* Shore,
Whilſt *Britain*'s Tears his ready Help implore,
Diſſembling for our Sakes his riſing Cares,
And with wiſe Silence pond'ring vengeful Wars.
She thro' the raging Ocean now
Views him advancing his adventrous Prow,
Combating adverſe Winds and Winters Seas,
Sighing the Moments that defer our Eaſe;
Daring to weild the Scepter's dang'rous Weight,
And taking the Command, to ſave the State;
Tho' e'er the doubtful Gift can be ſecur'd,
New Wars muſt be ſuſtain'd, new Wounds endur'd.

Anon in *Iriſh* Camps ſhe finds her Theme,
And plunges after him thro' *Boyn*'s fierce Stream;

Bovindæ *Bello undantis; tum* Naidas *ad ſe*
Impatiens trepidas vocat, hortaturque Sorores
Maturare fugam, quantuſque emerſerat Heros,
Oceano *narrare Patri: vanum Ille timorem*
Ridet; eamque Manum victis agnoſcit in undis
Imperio dignam Pelagi, ſævoque Tridente.

Hinc pleno Britonum *Victor ſubit oſtia velo*
Stans celsâ in puppi; Pueri, innuptæque Puellæ,
Effuſique Patres, reſonantia littora circum
Sacra canunt Reduci: Sed reppulit Ille moleſtum
Officium; poſcitque Animos, Laudeſque recuſat.
Mox charos iterum Belgas, *ſedeſque ſuorum,*
Et Patriam, & toties raptos ex hoſte Penates
Hoſpes adit: varios Populos, diverſaque ſigna,
Externoſq; Duces, omnes ſocia arma ferentes,
Inſtruit his Heros campis; hinc magna Trophæa
Rettulit, & multo Palmam ſudore receptam:

Inde

She bids the *Nereids* run with trembling haſt,
To tell Old *Ocean* how the Hero paſt;
The God rebukes their Fear, and owns the Praiſe
Worthy that Arm, whoſe Empire he obeys.

She thence to *Albion* does the Victor bring,
Albion with *Io*'s greets her happy King;
But He declines the Altars ſhe wou'd raiſe,
Accepts the Zeal, tho' he rejects the Praiſe.
Again ſhe follows him thro' *Belgia*'s Land,
And Nations often ſav'd by *WILLIAM*'s Hand,
Ranges Confederate Armies on the Plains,
And in pitch'd Battels bleeding Conqueſt gains;
Thence to the Points of armed Rocks aſpires,
O'er hollow Mountains bellowing hidden Fires,

Inde per obſeſſas armato Milite Rupes,
Flammarumque Globos, liquefactaque Saxa vomentes
Intrepidum, comitante Deâ, ſublimis & acer
Tentat Iter; Montes ſubſidunt; Saxa premuntur;
Et decorare ſuum conjurant omnia Regem.

Nunc verſæ Scenæ diſcedunt; altera rerum
Nunc ſurgit facies: aliâ ſub Luce videri
Heros grandis amat; Succeſſuque Altior ipſo
Innumeris Belli Spoliis, partiſque Trophæis
Pacem lætus emit: Jam Virgo reddita terras
Pacatas viſit; jamque aurea Tempora circum
Felices ſecura quatit Concordia pennas.

Mox ad Danubium, *raucæque* Propontidis *undam,*
Eoaſque plagas, alis audacibus ardens
Muſa volat; lethi quà jam diſcrimine parvo
Stant acies, utrínque necem lugubrè minantes:

Hi

Beholds the Rocks ſubmit, the Mountains bow,
And willing Nations Crown the common Victor's Brow.

Sudden another Scene employs her Sight,
She ſets her Hero in another Light,
Paints his Great Mind ſuperior to Succeſs,
Declining Conqueſt to eſtabliſh Peace;
She brings *Aſtrea* down to Earth again,
And Quiet brooding o'er his future Reign.

Then with unweary'd Wing the Goddeſs ſoars
Eaſtward, to *Danube* and *Propontis* Shores,
Where jarring Empires ready to engage
Retard their Armies, and ſuſpend their Rage;

Hi motus animorum, iræ, infandique paratus,
Compreſſâ belli rabie, ſuſpenſa tenentur;
Donec vox Fati, & fatalia juſſa WILHELMI
Edicunt, Pacemne colant, vel in arma ferantur?
Quæ regio in terris, ubi fœdera Sancta Wilhelmi,
Aut placidæ ignotæ Leges? Quæ Regna per Orbem
(Qualemcunque Fidem, Dominum quemcunque fatentur)
Communem Auriaco *dubitent ſubmittere Cauſam?*

Hinc ad Hyperboream glaciem, monteſque nivales
Præceps Diva ruit; quà Moſcoviticus *altum*
Fulminat ad Tanaim Cæſar; *nutuque tremendo*
Jura quaterdenis Juvenis dat gentibus unus:
Hic tamen, Hic Cæſar *perculſus Nomine Regis*
Majoris, non Legatis, neque dulce Miniſtris
Officium impatiens ceſſit; ſe, ſe Ipſe, ſuumque
Objecit Caput, infidi Maris omnia vincens
Tædia, dimidiumq; Orbis poſt Terga relinquens,

Tan-

Till *WILLIAM*'s Word like that of Fate de-
(clares,
If they ſhall ſtudy Peace, or lengthens Wars;
How ſacred his Renown for equal Laws!
To Him the World defers its common Cauſe:
How fair his Friendſhips, and his Leagues how juſt!
Him all Religions, Him all Nations truſt.

From the *Mæotis*, to the Northern Sea,
The Goddeſs wings her deſperate Way,
Sees the young *Moſcovite*, the mighty Head
Whoſe Sovereign Terror Forty Nations dread,
Inamour'd with a Greater Monarch's Praiſe,
And paſſing half the Earth to His Embrace;

She

Tangeret ut Dextram, per quam ſtetit Anglica tellus.
Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnúmque fluentem
Cernere erat Volgam ; *multâ cui ſpumeus undâ,*
Saxoſúmque ſonans, obſtantia pondera torrens
Aut ſecum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit.
Sed Noſtrum, ſed Muſa ſuum tibi, Tame, *tuiſque*
Rivis aſſimulat Regem: Non Amnis abundans,
Sed plenus per opima virûm Fortem abſque Furore
Fundit aquam, tardoque procul Languore Serenam:
Quoſcunque ô Britonum *lambis pulcherrimus agros,*
Omnia ibi ridere facis ; Tibi candida Naïs
Purpureas inter violas, & ſuavè rubentes
Vota facit reſoluta roſas ; Te lentus in umbrâ
Labentem expectat Paſtor ; Te mollia Prata,
Te ſitiunt croceis halantes floribus Horti.

Quo feror? unde abii? tuque audaciſſima Múſa
Quo peritura ruis? Si formidabile littus,

Si

She in his Rule beholds His *Volga*'s Force,
O'er Precipices, with impetuous Sway
Breaking, and as it rowls its violent Courſe,
Drowning, or Bearing down whatever meets its (way.

But her own King ſhe likens to His *Thames*,
Serene, yet Strong, exempt from all Extreams,
And with fair Speed devolving fruitful Streams.
Each ardent Nymph the riſing Current craves,
Each Shepherd's Prayer retards the parting Waves;
Round either Bank the Vales their Sweets diſcloſe,
Freſh Flowers for ever riſe, and fruitful Harveſt (grows.

Whither wou'd the Goddeſs go?
Sees ſhe not Clouds, and Earth and Main below?

Mind,

Si Lycios *temnas ſaltus, fataliaque arva,*
Bellerophontæi *quæ ſignavêre furores,*
I, ſequere infidos ventos, nova Nomina lapſu
Subjectis poſitura undis : Ea ſurda monenti
Ardet in Aſtra magis ; perque inconceſſa Diei
Luxurians Spatia æterni, petit intima Divûm
Sacra, Jovem, *ſimilemque* Jovis, *dictura* Wilhelmum :
Indefeſſa Illi maturos poſcit Honores ;
Illi ut Olympiacæ referantur præmia palmæ,
Cui Velox Theron, *cui vaſtis viribus ingens*
Non aſpirabat Chromius : *Muſam Illius ergo*
Per nitidos orbes Lucis, campoſque patentes
Dulcis raptat amor : juvat explorare Priorum
Curæ iter ignotum : ſed inextricabilis error,
Et cæcæ ambages, quas una reſolvere Virtus
Naſſovii *novit, ſecuram, & vana tumentem*
Exuperant longè Divam ; jamque æthere toto
Præcipitata agitur ; jam torti fulminis inſtar
Fertur,

Minds ſhe the Dangers of the *Lycian* Coaſt,
And Fields where mad *Bellerophon* was loſt?
Or is her daring Flight reclaim'd
By Seas, from *Icarus*'s Downfal nam'd?
Vain is the Call and uſeleſs the Advice,
To wiſe Perſuaſion deaf and human Cries,
Upward ſhe inceſſant flies,
Reſolv'd to reach the Empyrean Sphere,
And tell Great *Jove*, ſhe ſings His Image here.
To ask for *WILLIAM* an Olympic Crown,
To *Chromius* Strength and *Theron*'s Speed unknown:
Till loſt in ample Fields of ſhining Day,
Unable to diſcern the Way
Which *NASSAW*'s Virtue only cou'd explore,
Untouch'd, unknown to any Muſe before,
She from the noble Precipices thrown,
Comes ruſhing with uncommon Ruin down.

Fertur, & horrificis tonat exanimata ruinis.
O Cæptum Sublime! infelix exitus auſi
Nobilis! o Muſa, & Vires pro Nomine tanto
Exiguæ! hoc potius, placet hoc lachrymabile fatum,
Quam miſero ignavam verſu cantare Secundum
Heroem; quam Venâ humili Inferiora Secutam
Radere iter tutum, Mediumque ignobile amare.

Nunc ad Te, & Tua Sacra, Pater, turbamque Sonantem,
(Matres atque Viros) quæ circum plurima clauſas
Fuſa fores, Pacem Britonum, *Vitamque* Wilhelmi
Ardens implorat, ſaltem Ambitioſa vagantes
Muſa modos revocet: Tuque ô quâ ſæcula fronte
Jane *vides ventura,* Rheæ *genetricis in alvum*
Deſcendas, partûs ubi ſemina prima futuri,
Et teneræ Ideæ, ſimulachraque carcere clauſo
Mixta jacent; donec magnum per inane coacta
Mox durare jubes & Rerum ſumere formas.

Tum

Glorious Attempt! Unhappy Fate!
Too bold the Song, the Hero was too Great;
She chuſes rather thus to die,
Then in continued Annals live to ſing
A ſecond Hero or a vulgar King;
Then with ignoble Safety fly,
In ſight of Earth along a middle Sky.

To *Janus* Altars and the numerous Throng
That round his bolted Temples preſs
For *WILLIAM*'s Life, and *Albion*'s Peace,
Ambitious Muſe, reduce the roving Song.
Janus caſt thy forward Eye,
Future, into Great *Rhea*'s pregnant Womb,
Where young Ideas brooding lie,
And tender Images of Things to come;
Till by thy high Commands releas'd
Till by thy Hand in proper Atoms dreſs'd,

In

Tum tua vox, divine Autor, tua cæca relaxat
Spiramenta manus; juſtis emiſſa Figuris
Dùm veſtit Junctura decens & amabilis Ordo.
Sed nimium brevis hora fugam meditata perennem
Tranſit: & æternam repetunt naſcentia noctem.

Non de Navali ſurgentes ære Triumphi,
Captivi Currus, ereptaque ab hoſte Trophæa;
Non Civilis honos Quercûs, non umbra coronæ
Muralis, Laurique novum decus addere Regi
Angliaco *poſſunt; ſatis Illum conſcia Virtus*
Geſtaque ſublimem tollunt: ad ſydera raptim
Vi propriâ nituntur, opiſque haud indiga noſtræ.
Nunc ergò, ut Populus felix cum Rege potenti
Fortunis paribus ſurgat; compagibus arctis
Claudantur Belli portæ: Et jam, Myſtice Cuſtos,
Mitior O jam, Dive, precor, melioribus orbis
Auſpiciis, alioſque dies, aliumque tenorem

Tandem

In decent Order they advance to Light,
Yet then too ſwiftly fleet by human Sight,
And meditate too ſoon their everlaſting Flight,

Nor Beaks of Ships in Naval Triumph born,
Nor Standards from the hoſtile Rampart torn,
Nor Trophies brought from Battles won,
The Oaken Garland, nor the Mural Crown,
Can to Victorious *WILLIAM*'s Name
Augmented Honours give:
His is an ample Plenitude of Fame,
Incapable Addition to receive.
Shut then, auſpicious God, thy Myſtic Gate,
And make us Happy as our KING is Great.

Tandem habeat, jubeas: hìc ferrea deſinat ætas
(Magna, eſto, ſed Ferrea erat) faſſuſque Metallum
Pulchrius, annorum ſe gratior explicet Ordo.
Haud iterum pavidos bellum turbabit Agreſtes;
At ſecura Quies, at mollis Somnus, Amores
Jucundi, ſuaveſque Joci cum dulcibus Horis
Perpetuos ducant orbes: Hoc cardine rerum
A læto incipient magni procedere menſes;
Atque his flava Ceres, his formoſiſſima Flora
Aſpiret; ſurgatque novo Gens aurea ſæ'lo.

Immunis belli, dextræque innixa Wilhelmi
Terra Britanna *ſui, ſedeat, ſpectetque ruinas,*
Et cladem, & Lachrymas, quarum pars nulla futura eſt,
Externas; iramque hominum miſeretur inanem.
Tum commota inter fatum immutabile Regna
Diſpenſet; vincantque illi, quos vincere mavult.

Sic

Be kind, and with a milder Hand
Cloſing the Volumn of the finiſh'd Age,
(Tho' Noble, 'twas an Iron Page)
A more delightful Leaf expand;
Free from Alarms, and fierce *Bellona*'s Rage.
Bid the great Months begin their joyful Round,
By *Flora* ſome, and ſome by *Ceres* crown'd;
Command the laughing Hours to ſcatter as they fly,
Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and endleſs Joy;
Diſtribute Years for Peace and Plenty fam'd,
And Times from better Mettle nam'd.

Secure by *WILLIAM*'s Care let *Britain* ſtand,
Nor dread the bold Invaders Hand;
From other Shores in Safety let her hear
Foreign Calamity and diſtant War,
Of which no Portion ſhe ſhall bear.
Betwixt the Nations let her hold the Scale,
And as ſhe wills, let either part prevail;

Sic noto celſos tuti ſub Matribus agni
Balatu implebunt colles: Sic vallibus imis,
Irriguos amnes inter, ſeges aurea in altum
Surget; & ipſa ſuas mirabitur Anglia *meſſes:*
Delicias Diva æternas dum pectore pleno
Fundet, & Ambroſios ſpirabit vertice odores.

Artibus intentum melior tum cura vocabit
Heroa Angliacum; *mirantem Annalibus orbem*
Exornare ſuis; ſeroſque docere Nepotes
Imperii Arcana, & magna Exemplaria Belli:
Hinc, ut Virtutem dociles, verumque Laborem
Cognoſcant, Laudiſq; animi accendantur amore,
Regis ad exemplum portis ſe Prima Juventus
Effundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
Per ſaltus, gelidumque Nemus, præruptaque ſaxa,
Nunc Cervos turbabit agens; nunc ardua in armis,
Et vigil ad vocem, quâ fictum Buccina ſignum

Bellica

Let her glad Vallies ſmile with ripen'd Corn,
Let fleecy Flocks her riſing Hills adorn;
Around her Coaſt let ſtrong Defence be ſpread,
Let fair abundance on her Breaſt be ſhed,
And let Eternal Sweets bloom round the Goddeſs Head.

Science to raiſe and Knowledge to enlarge
Be her Heroes future Charge;
To write his own Memoirs, and leave his Heirs
High Schemes of Government, and Plans of Wars;
To hardy Feats our Noble Youth to raiſe,
And ſtimulate Deſert with thirſt of Praiſe;
To lead them out from Eaſe e'er opening Dawn,
Through the thick Foreſt and the diſtant Lawn,
Where the fleet Stag employs their ardent Care,
And Chaſes give them Images of War.

Bellica dat, grave Martis opus, ſub imagine luſus,
Paulatim ex tanto aſſueſcat tolerare Magiſtro:
Et nunc altus Eques ſpatiis magna atria circùm
Curvatis fertur; luctantia nunc premit ora
Bellatoris Equi; nunc torto verbere pronus
Dat lora, & medio fervens in pulvere, ſtrictum
Aut enſem quatit, aut certam jacit impiger haſtam.

Pacis amans, ſtudiiſque favens, ſocia agmina jungant
Sancta Corona ſenum, exemplis monitura minores,
Quis Virtutis honos, & quid ſapientia poſſit.
Hos rerum juvet obſcuros penetrare receſſus,
Et varias cauſas, Naturæ arcana Modeſtæ,
Indiciis aperire novis; vimque addere verbo.
Illos degeneri audentes ſuccurrere ſæclo,
Cura gravis maneat Morum; & labor Hercule dignus,
Exonerare labans collectâ ſorde Theatrum.
Sermones alii patrios, incertaque verba

Ad

To teach them Vigilance by falſe Alarms,
Inure them in feign'd Camps to real Arms,
Practice them now to Curb the turning Steed
Mocking the Foe, now to His rapid ſpeed
To give the Rein, and in the full Career
To draw the certain Sword, or ſend the pointed Spear.

To plant Societies for peaceful Arts,
Increaſe our Learning and unite our Hearts;
Some that in Nature ſhall true Knowledge found,
And by Experiment make Precept ſound;
Some that to Morals ſhall recall the Age,
And purge from vitious Droſs the ſinking Stage;
Some that with Care true Eloquence ſhall teach,
And to juſt Idioms fix our doubtful Speech:

Ad leges fixas revocent, Venereſque decoras;
Ut latè Angliacis prudens Annalibus orbis
Ditetur; noſtramque ſonet gens Singula linguam,
Vindicis ante pedes quæcunque effuſa Britanni
Miſerat aut oppreſſa Preces, aut libera Grates.

Neglectum in primis Carmen, Muſamque jacentem
Tollat amica manus; nam reſpondere labori
Muſa pio novit, Regiſque rependere Amores.
Illa Patrum cineres ſanctos, venerandaque Buſta
Vulgari ſecernit humo; famamque ſilenti
Vindicat a tumulo: per Muſam notus Ulyſſes
Spirat adhuc; coramque Virum jam cernere fas eſt:
Muſæ Agamemnonias *palmas, ſemperque recentes*
Conſervare datur Lauros; Eadem Illa Wilhelmi,
Cum ſtatuæ, ſolidoque Arcus de marmore ficti
Deficient, longo Nomen ſacrum aſſeret ævo.
Haud verò par officium, parteſque premamus

In-

That diſtant Realms may from our Authors know,
The Thanks we to Our MONARCH owe;
And Schools profeſs our Tongue through ev'ry (Land,
That have invok'd his Aid, or bleſt his Hand.

Let His High Power the drooping Muſes rear;
The Muſes only can reward his Care:
'Tis they that Guard Great *Agamemnon*'s Spoils,
'Tis they that ſtill renew *Ulyſſes* Toyls,
To them by ſmiling *Jove* 'twas given to ſave
Diſtinguiſh'd Patriots from the Common Grave;
To them Great *WILLIAM*'s Glory to recal,
When Statues moulder, and when Arches fall.
Nor let the Muſes with ungrateful Pride
The mutual Obligation hide,
The Hero's Virtue does the String inſpire,
When with big Joy they ſtrike the living Lyre:

On

Ingrati alternas ; cum nil ſine Cæſare *pulchrum,*
Nil altum Muſæ labor inchoat : altera junctam
Alterius ſic poſcit opem, & conjurat amicè.
Eſto, Muſa canit ; ſed mentem, animumque canenti
Heros inſpirat ; cum ſurgens fama Wilhelmi,
Pieriis tentata modis dat viva trementis
Tangere fila lyræ, cantuſque movere ſonoros.
Igneus hinc numeris Vigor, & cæleſtis Origo;
Hinc effulgentes æternâ luce Camænæ,
Informi cedente ſitu, tenebriſque fugatis,
Invida ſquallentis vincent oblivia noctis.

Aulaï antiquæ cæcis exorta ruinis,
Regia ſublimis ſurgat ; flammiſque renaſcens
(Qui referat famam Majeſtatemque Wilhelmi*)*
Creſcentes Phœnix expandat nobilis alas.
Alta, Auguſta, Ingens, Dominoque ſimillima magno,
Tollat ſe ſpatioſa Domus : captiva Columnæ

Arma

On *WILLIAM*'s Fame their Fate depends,
The Song with Him begins, with Him it ends;
From the bright Effluence of His Deed,
They borrow that reflected Light,
With which the lasting Lamp they feed,
Whose Beams shall ever chase the Damps of envious
(Night.

From the wild Ruins of the Ancient Court
Her Graceful Wings let a Young Phœnix rear,
The Greatness of Our Empire to Support,
And prove an Object worthy *WILLIAM*'s Care;
Open, yet Solid, as the Builder's Mind,
Be her spacious Rooms design'd;

Let

Arma ferant ſacræ, belli Monumenta cruenti,
Spiculaque, Clypeoſque, atque horrida ſanguine Signa.
Stabunt & Parii lapides; mediuſque Wilhelmus
En ſpirans; humeruſque recens a vulnere vivis
Rorabit guttis; metuens pro vindice mundi
Deſpicit è Cælo omnipotens; Geniuſque minacem
Avertit mortem: jacet illa innoxia, inermis,
(*Nam ſic conſuluit Cæli indulgentia terris*)
Intrepidi ante pedes Herois: Tu quoque magnam
Partem opere in tanto, noto Bovinda *triumphans*
Rivo habeas; Saxum ſimulatas evomit undas,
Et læſo falſi volvuntur marmore fluctus.
Flumina naſcentes ſubterlabentia muros
Hic ſiſtent: hic (neſcio quâ dulcidine capta)
Immemor aſſueti curſûs, oblita Sororum,
Unda Patris Tami tardo cunctabitur errans
Flexu; tanta tenet viſendi cura Wilhelmi.

Tuque

Let every Sacred Pillar bear
Trophies of Arms, and Monuments of War:
There ſhall the KING in *Parian* Marble Breath,
His Shoulder bleeding freſh, and at His Feet
Diſarm'd and Stopt ſhall lie the threatn'd Death,
(For ſo was ſaving *Jove*'s Decree compleat)
His Genius plac'd behind defends the Blow;
Diſſembled Waters from the Baſis flow,
And *Boyn*'s Triumphant Flood is known,
For ever in the Wounded Stone.
Before the Palace *Thames* ſhall ſoftly glide,
With dear Affection forming long delay,
Unwilling to be forc'd away,
Tho' all the Siſter-Rivers chide,
Fond of her Lord, forgetful of her Tide.

Tuque ô aerio quæ nutas vertice, creſcas
Winſoriæ *ambitioſa domus; Tu Stellifer æther,*
Tu, decus imperii radiantia Sydera ſervas,
Auriacus *queis Ipſe ſuum, queis fida ſuorum*
Pectora diſtinguit: Tu rerum maxima, adornas
Virtuteſque, Viroſque, & Propugnacula Regni
Spectata Angliaci, *Paucos, quos magnus amavit*
Naſſovius; *proprioque Pater ſignavit honore.*
Tu circum Ormondi *robuſtum Myſtica nectens*
Vinc'la genu, potuiſti Equitem Socium addere Regi:
Scilicet has ſedes, hæc ad Capitolia *Pompas*
Ducebat Victor lætas; aptanſque ſuperbis
Poſtibus arma Tibi *(votum immortale) ſacrabat.*
Sacvilli *tu dulce latus, Tu Lumine veſtis*
Pectora Sancta tuo; radioq; amplexa Decorum
Stella Sinum, ſpargit tremulas argentea flammas.
(Hos brevis informet fragiles dum Spiritus artus,

And thou Imperious *Windſor* ſtand enlarg'd,
With all the Stores of *Britain*'s Honour charg'd:
Thou the fair Heaven that doſt the Stars encloſe,
Which *WILLIAM*'s Boſom wears, His Hand beſtows,
To the Great Champions that ſupport His Throne,
And Virtues neareſt to His own;
Round *Ormond*'s Knee thou tyeſt the Myſtick String
That makes the Knight Companion to the KING;
Returning Glorious from the Foreign Field,
In Thee he pays his Vows, and hangs his Shield.
Thou ſmiling ſee'ſt Great *Dorſet*'s Worth confeſt;
Tranſcendent Goodneſs in juſt Honours dreſt,
The Ray diſtinguiſhing the Patriot's Breaſt.
(O! long as Breath informs this fleeting Frame,
Ne'r let me paſs in Silence *Dorſet*'s Name;

Ne'r

O nunquam indictus noſtris Sacvillus *abibit*
Carminibus; nunquam labetur pectore chari
Officium Capitis, quod ſolus maximus Ille
Et conferre poteſt, & collati immemor eſſe.)
In Te perpetuo (Gens famæ ſacra) Cavendi
Vivent, & Patrio fulgebunt ſydere nati.
Per Te Sanctmaurus, *per Te* Talbotius *Heros,*
(Fortunati ambo) ſaxum hoc immobile dum Tu
Serves, nomina erunt. Tuq; O Dulciſſime rerum
Jerſei, *Vatem ſi veris implet* Apollo,
Has tanges aras; hinc ſacra Inſignia famæ
Villeriis *nota, & Tibi non indebita ſumes.*

Securos Britonum *Commercia libera portus*
Omni ex parte petent; totum demiſſa per orbem
Pulchrior hinc Argo, meliori & vellere dives
Annua dona feret, Spoliiſq; redibit onuſta,
Indiam *in* Europam *portans, gazamque nitentem,*

Que

Ne'r ceaſe to mention the continued Debt,
Which the Great Patron only wou'd forget,
And Duty long as Life muſt ſtudy to acquit.)
In Thee Great *Cavendiſh* Name ſhall long be known,
The Father's Star tranſmitted to the Son.
In Thee the *Seymour*'s, and the *Talbot*'s Line
With high Preheminence ſhall ever ſhine.
And if a God theſe lucky Numbers guide,
If ſure *Apollo* o're the Song preſide,
Jerſey, Belov'd by All as well as Me
Shall at thy Altars bow, ſhall own to Thee
The faireſt Mark of Favour and of Fame,
Familiar to the *Villiers* Name.

Through various Climes, and to each diſtant Pole,
In happy Tides let active Commerce rowl;
Let *Britain*'s Ships export an Annual Fleece,
Richer than *Argos* brought to ancient *Greece*,

Quæ diffuſa jacet, quà Sol utrumque recurrens
Aſpicit Oceanum. Quaſcunque Britanica *Pinus*
Ingreditur ſublimis aquas, ſubmittat Honores
Navita quiſque ſuos; puppeſque Inſigne ſuperbum
Inclinent, faſſæ, quem Tethys *omnibus undis*
Elegit Dominum; quem vaſto Immobile Fatum
Deſtinat Imperio, Terrâque Marique potentem.

Audivere preces Divi; jamque Anglica *claſſis,*
Quà dabit aura viam, tutum per aperta profundi
Curret iter, nova regna petens, nova littora viſens,
Ignotumque ſuis mittens ſub legibus orbem.
Alter tum Ganges, *atque altera, quæ feret aurum,*
India NASSOVIO *cedet; populique feroces*
Arma, Artes, Moreſque ſcient nomenque WILHELMI.

Sup-

Returning Loaden with the ſhining Stores
Which lie Profuſe on either *India*'s Shores:
As our high Veſſels paſs their Watry Way,
Let all the Naval World due Homage pay;
With haſty Reverence their Top-Honours lower,
Confeſſing the Aſſerted Power,
To whom by Fate 'twas given with happy Sway,
To calm the Earth and vindicate the Sea.

Our Prayers are heard, and *WILLIAM*'s Fleets
[ſhall go
As far as Winds can bear, or Waters flow;
New Lands to make, new *Indies* to explore,
In Worlds unknown to plant *Britannia*'s Power;
Nations yet wild, by Precept to reclaim,
And teach 'em Arms, and Arts, in *WILLIAM*'s
[Name.

Suppliciter venerans, demiſſo lumine ſtabit
Agmen agreſte Virûm; miramque loquentis ab ore
Hiſtoriam eripiens, nunc Famam & Fata Wilhelmi,
Vulnera, Sudorem, Palmaſque, Periè laque diſcet,
Quæ quibus anteferat, dubitans; nunc quantus in armis,
Qualis in Hoſte fuit, quos Bello & Pace Triumphos
Erexit! Matres, ut cælo decidit Heros,
Tum natis referent; & vox, quam proferet Infans,
Prima, Wilhelmus *erit: tenebris inhoneſta Tyranni*
Indecores Capita abſcondent, tum dira ſuorum
Supplicia, indignos gemitus, juſtaſque querelas
Ferre indignantes; cum conſcia fama, pudorque
Provocat ad meliora Animos; cum Bella Wilhelmi,
Bella quaterdenos læſis pro gentibus Annos
Mota enarrantur; Regique Europa *recumbens*
Inclinata ſuo; totoque ex orbe Trophæa
Communis Ducis æternæ ſurgentia Famæ.

Non

With humble Joy, and with reſpectful Fear,
The liſt'ning People ſhall his Story hear;
The Wounds He bore, the Dangers He ſuſtain'd,
How far He Conquer'd, and how well He Reign'd;
Shall own his Mercy equal to his Fame,
And form their Children's Accents to His Name,
Enquiring how, and when, from Heaven he came.
Their Regal Tyrants ſhall with Bluſhes hide
Their little Luſts of Arbitrary Pride,
Nor longer bear to ſee their Vaſſals ty'd:
When *WILLIAM*'s Virtues raiſe their opening Thought,
His Forty Years for publick Freedom fought,
Europe by his Hand ſuſtain'd
His own ſtupendious Victories reſtrain'd,
And o'er the Righted World eternal Triumph gain'd.

Non iterum pavidos Myſteria dira docebit
Barbara Relligio: nulla horrida Numina Finget
Vana Superſtitio, Divûmque immania Monſtra:
Carminibus, Feſtiſque Lyris novus omnibus Aris,
Omnibus in Templis celebrabitur Advena; pulchra
Naſſovii *Virtus cùm ſe mirantibus offert,*
Præſentem confeſſa Deum; Cum ſigna decoris
Divini, Æternæq; patent veſtigia Mentis
Herois deſcripta Animis, & vindice Dextrâ.

Per Convexa Poli, quà vultus tendimus Omnes,
Scilicet horrendi juſtâ ſine lege Cometæ
Incertam Lucem quatiunt; & Crine minaces
Sanguineo lugubre rubent, triſteſque trementi
Indicunt iras orbi; niſi publica vota
Avertant lævum miſeris Mortalibus Omen.

Sed

No longer ſhall their wretched Zeal adore
Ideas of Deſtructive Power,
Spirits that hurt, and Godheads that Devour:
New Incenſe they ſhall bring, new Altars raiſe,
And fill their Temples with a Stranger's Praiſe,
When the Great Father's Character they find
Viſibly ſtampt upon the Hero's Mind;
And own a preſent Deity confeſt,
In Valour that preſerv'd, and Power that bleſt.

Through the large Convex of the Azure Sky,
(For thither Nature caſts our common Eye)
Fierce Meteors ſhoot their arbitrary Light,
And Comets march with lawleſs Horror bright;
Theſe hear no Rule, no righteous Order own,
Their Influence dreaded, as their Ways unknown

Sed qui perpetuò regit omnia, lucidus orbis,
Vera Jovis *proles, Cælo puriſſimus Ignis,*
Non errore vago, cæcâque libidine fertur:
Certus Iter fixum peragit; curſuſque Diurnos
Obſervant homines, & Sanctum Sydus adorant.

O Jane, *O Divûm ſi flectere fata liceret,*
Si Parcæ Anglorum *precibus miteſcere Scirent,*
Sol iſte ante ſuum ceſſaret currere Cælum
Quam ſe Naſſovius *lugenti ſubtrahat Orbi*
Addendus Superis: ſed inexorabile Numen
Omne premit Mortale: Aderit, volventibus Annis,
Dira futura Dies, & ineluctabile tempus;

Cum

Through threatn'd Lands they wild Deſtruction throw,
'Till ardent Prayer averts the Public Woe:
But the bright Orb that bleſſes all above,
The ſacred Fire, the real Son of *Jove*,
Rules not his Actions by Capricious Will,
Nor by ungovern'd Power declines to Ill,
Fixt by juſt Laws he goes for ever right,
And Man, that knows his Courſe, adores his (Light.

O *Janus!* wou'd intreated Fate conſpire
To grant what *Britain*'s Wiſhes cou'd require,
That Sun ſhou'd ceaſe his Deſtin'd Way to go,
E'er *WILLIAM* ceaſe to Govern all below:
But a relentleſs Deſtiny
Urges all that e'er was born,

Her

Cum pars Semidei mæſto Materna Sepulchro
Condetur, Dominuſque ſuis plorabitur Abſens.
At Vos, O Divi, ſi quid pia vota valebunt,
Vos precor, Æterni, quorum hæc ſub numine Tellus,
Tuque, O Sancte, Tu O Biſrons, Cæleſtia nobis
Pectora concilies, Sociique per Æthera Divi
Dic, in amicitiam coeant, Tecumq, Britannam
Conjurent ſervare Domum: Communibus orbis
Propitii precibus, magno procul Omine triſtem
Dii removete Diem, Dii talem avertite peſtem.
Innumeras horas, congeſtoſque Orbibus Orbes
Accumulate Sacro Capiti: juſtâque Sorores
Si careant prædâ, placentur Sanguine noſtro:
Nos animæ Viles, ignota infletaque turba,
Cedamus tenebris; Naſcens modo terminet ævum
Imperiis idem Auriacus; *lætique Nepotes*
Seros jucundis agitent ſub legibus Annos;
Ante ferat quàm Cælo ales Jovis *Armiger alto*

Nobile

Her abſent Lord *Britannia* once muſt mourn,
And of the Demi-God the Earthly-half muſt die:
Yet if our Incenſe can excite your Care,
If Heavenly Wills relent to Human Pray'r,
Exert Great God thy Intereſt in the Sky,
Gain ev'ry Tutelary Deity;
That Conquer'd by the Publick Vow,
They keep the diſmal Miſchief long away,
And far as lengthn'd Nature may allow,
Reject with happy Power the threatn'd Day.
Into the Ocean for his Life deſign'd,
Throw, bounteous Heav'n, innumerable Hours,
And that ſtern Fate its ſtrict Account may find,
Make up that Loſs by taking them from Ours.
His Power let Subjects yet Unborn Obey,
And let this Age grow Old beneath His Sway,
On His ſure Virtue long let Earth rely,
And late let the Imperial Eagle fly
To bear the Hero through His Father's Sky,

To

Nobile Onus, Patrioq; Heros poſcatur Olympo;
Magnus ubi Æneas, Theſeus, Lædeus; *Ubi ingens*
Alcides; *ubi tot radiantia Nomina toto*
Nota Satis Cælo; quos omnes æquus amavit
Jupiter, *& meritis Homines donavimus Aris.*
Serò Naſſovium *Sydus nova fulgûra jactans*
Exerat os Cælo ſacrum; victiſque tenebris,
Imperium longè Antiquum, Maria omnia luſtrans,
Æterno Angliacis *aſpiret Lumine Nautis.*

FINIS.

To Great *Æneas*, to *Themiſtocles*,
To *Pollux*, *Theſeus*, *Hercules*,
And all the Radiant Names above,
Rever'd by Men and Dear to *Jove* ;
Late let the New-born *NASSAW*-Star
With dawning Majeſty appear,
To Triumph over vanquiſh'd Night,
And Guide the *Britiſh* Mariner,
With everlaſting Beams of Friendly Light.

FINIS.